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quent encores, as was the case last night. The concert on the whole was a very pleasant one, and gave general satisfaction.

MRS. MARIE ABBOTT'S ANNUAL CONCERT.

This excellent artist gave her annual concert at Steinway Hall on Monday evening, before a very large audience. The programme was a short but pleasant one, the artists being Mrs. Marie Abbott, Miss Matilda Toedt, Mr. Stein and Mr. Alfred H. Pease.

Mrs. Abbott has voice of fine quality and of considerable power, which she uses tastefully and expressively. She has been well educated, and is a thoroughly trustworthy and pleasing singer. She was wretchedly accompanied on this occasion, and any one less assured and self-reliant would have become embarrassed under the infliction. But Mrs. Abbott did justice to herself, and was heartily encored and applauded throughout.

Miss Matilda Toedt is rapidly gaining power as a violinist. She has a pure sympathetic tone, and plays with much expression and tenderness, and her execution is rapidly becoming clear, brilliant, and decisive. She was loudly encored in her first selection, and replied to it by playing in a smooth and sweet manner a paraphrase of Gottschalk's "Cradle Song."

Mr. Alfred H. Pease played his arrangement of "Crispino" in a manner by no means satisfactory. It seemed to us that he has become so used to perform the same piece as a duet that he launched out on his primo, forgetting that there was no second piano part, which was equal to giving your guests the trimmings and omitting the turkey. Mr. Pease was, however, encored, and responded by playing another of his well known compositions.

Mr. Stein has a rich and powerful baritone voice, and sings carefully and expressively.

WEHLI'S MORNING CONCERT.—The great pianist, James M. Wehli, will give his second morning concert, at Irving Hall, this, Saturday mornig, at 11 o'clock a. m. Mr. Wehli will play some of his own compositions, entirely new to this city, which will be well worth hearing, for they are wonderfully brilliant and effective. He will be assisted by Miss Kate McDonald, Mr. Julius Eichberg and Mr. G. W. Colby.

FIFTEENTH SUNDAY EVENING CONCERT.—The fifteenth Sunday evening concert will take place at Steinway Hall to-morrow, Sunday, evening, when Mme. Fanny Raymond Ritter will appear, in addition to Theo. Thomas's orchestra. The programme will be as varied and popular as usual.

The success of these concerts has become a recognized matter of fact, and the large Hall is crowded every performance.

ITALIAN OPERA MATINEE.—The opera of "Lucrezia Borgia" will be given to-day, at a matinee, by Max Maretzki's Opera Company, at Winter Garden. The cast will comprise most of the best artists of the company. The performance will commence at one o'clock, and the price of admission will be one dollar.

A PASSIONATE REMEMBRANCE.

BY HENRY C. WATSON.

Upon her lips unwilling  
I pressed one passion kiss;  
She shrank away all thrilling  
With terrors' throe, I wis.  
Before her eyes she claspèd  
Her dainty, sensuous hands,  
Which backward press'd, unhasped,  
Her rich hair's envious bands.

The tangled folds unweaving  
Fell downwards to her feet;  
They hid her bosom's heaving,  
But trembled with its beat—  
They shimmer'd in their glory,  
Like wavy lines of gold—  
Godiva, in the story,  
Less fatal to behold !

I gazed, half awed, half fearful,  
That I had done some wrong;  
Compunction, almost prayerful,  
Subdued my heart, and long  
I doubted—should I pray her  
To pardon my offence,  
And crave kind mercy stay her,  
Chiding me ever thence?

But ere my lips found motion,  
Her dainty hands unloosed,  
And as in mute devotion,  
Upon her bosom crossed.  
Her eyes downcast and trembling—  
And on her snowy brow  
The blood which scorned dissembling,  
Flashing and paling now.

The ripe lips I had tasted,  
Now panting half apart—  
O, precious time! how wasted  
Without her on my heart!  
And as I once more rifted  
From lips the dew divine,  
Her glorious eyes she lifted  
And flashed them into mine,—

Flashed them through brain and being,  
Flashed them through heart and soul !  
Captured beyond all fleeing—  
Glamoured beyond control !  
O, that delicious capture ?  
Too sacred to confess.  
Mysterious, wond'rous rapture,  
O, passionate caress !

Half frightened by the beating  
Of my tumultuous heart:  
Half clinging, half retreating,  
Scarce wishing to depart,

Her arms crept up and bound me,  
And in that long, long kiss,  
Her loosed hair floated round me,  
Hiding from all our bliss!

\* \* \* \* \*

Ah! constant heart and trusty !  
'Twas long ago—and yet  
The rapture of that first love kiss,  
We neither can forget.  
We have passed youth's hey-dey riot,  
But ah! my matron wife,  
The golden love that blessed that youth,  
Has lasted all our life.

MATTERS THEATRIC.

Mr. Booth appeared as Richard the Third on Saturday evening of last week and achieved a decided success. His conception of the part is eminently correct and truthful, carrying out the language and idea of Shakspeare instead of following the conception set forth in "The Historic Doubts of Walpole," and Miss Halstead's able and acute delineation of the character of Richard, both of which books have been the cause of giving us representations of the "crook-backed tyrant" as far from truth and the character of the text warrant us to believe him to have been as it would be possible to imagine. How any thoughtful actor, who has studied the text of Shakspeare, can fall into this error is more than I am able to understand; the character and personal appearance of Richard are both so plainly set forth that it seems next to impossible for an actor to misconceive the part, and yet there are many who do.

Take, for instance, the personation of Mr. Dillon—a uniformly careful and excellent actor—and we find that Richard was handsome, well-formed, and far more of a wit than a villain; and when he did, by chance, commit a murder or two, it was done in such a quietly amusing way that the person or persons murdered had cause to be thankful for being put out of the world so delicately and withal with such good humor.

This is not Mr. Booth's conception. With him all the darker and more characteristic portions of the part are well brought forward, and although the witticisms are given with a keenness and relish of humor, still, above all, we see the heartless, ambitious villain and murderer, and although his cunning hypocrisy may raise a smile, it is an uncomfortable smile and very apt to end in a shudder. The earlier passages of the play are rather too much elaborated, and consequently, to a certain degree, tame, but in the latter portions Mr. Booth rises to a sublimity of passion and tragic power which is simply grand, and on Saturday evening called forth from a densely crowded house loud and continued manifestations of delight and approbation.

The play was badly put upon the stage and a great lack of rehearsal was painfully manifest throughout the entire performance, add to this the uniform bad acting of all the characters, excepting, of course, Mr. Booth, and "Richard the Third" can hardly be set down as a genuine success.

Mr. Lester Wallack made his re-appearance on Monday evening of the present week as Young Marlow, in "She Stoops to Conquer." He was received by a large and enthusiastic audience, who warmly welcomed him back to the scene of his former triumphs. In a certain school of acting Mr. Wallack stands alone; he is always gentlemanly, amusing and at times very funny, while his fine person and bearing eminently qualify him for the personation of parts of a romantic or heroic character.

At the New York Theatre, Miss Eyttinge, Mrs. Wilkins and Mr. Mortimer have been supplanted by Miss Eliza Newton, Miss Sallie Hinckley and Mr. J. W. Lanigan, in the respective parts of Kate Peyton, Mrs. Ryder and Griffith Gaunt, and "Griffith Gaunt" is probably destined to have a still longer run by the additional novelty. "Cinderillon," a fairy piece which has been very successful in Paris, is underlined at this Theatre, and will be produced at the conclusion of the run of "Griffith Gaunt"—but when that event will take place the Fates only can tell.

A dramatization of Wilkie Collins' novel "Armadale," by Miss Olive Logan, was produced at the Broadway Theatre on Monday evening of this week, with Miss Kate Reignold's as Miss Gwilt. The play is powerfully dramatic and sensational, being filled with telling situations, and strong, vigorous dialogue, and gives all the salient points of the novel very well. Miss Logan is a dramatist of undoubted ability, and this, her last work, compares favorably with her former efforts.

Miss Reignold's plays the difficult part of Miss Gwilt with pronounced success; her dying scene is particularly fine and dramatic.

The play is well put upon the stage, and the acting throughout is, for the most part, meritorious. It is to be withdrawn after this week to give place to Mr. E. L. Davenport, who is announced to appear in several of his more successful characters.

SHUGGE.

ART MATTERS.

ARTISTS' FUND SOCIETY EXHIBITION.—SOUTH ROOM.

"Evening in Kemmore's Preserve, Ireland," by A. H. Wyant. A quietly sunny little picture, good in color but not quite up to the artist's usual standard, being evidently one of his earlier works.

"Little Mischief," by Louis Long, is a bright, sunny picture, full of good, strong color and, moreover, replete with humor and naturalness.

"Columbus before the Council of Salamanca," by Kaufmann. This is one of the largest and most ambitious pictures in the collection, and although, as a whole, unsatisfactory, presents many points of rare excellence, one of the most noticeable of which is the excellent drapery painting and rich color that are to be found in many parts of it. Take, for instance, the figure of the central monk, who is hurling the dogmas of the church at the unfortunate head of Columbus: it is full of strong, powerful drawing and expression, while the sweep of the drapery is almost grand in its massive folds. Another good point in the picture is the effect of sunlight coming through the window on the left and falling upon the different fig-

ures. Columbus is the worst figure in the picture; weak and expressionless, he gives but a sorry idea of the great discoverer. Taken altogether, however, and overlooking the small faults that are in it, the "Columbus" may be considered as a success; the general effect, it is true, is unsatisfactory, but a close inspection develops so many fine points that one is compelled to accord to it great praise.

"Portraits of Laboulage and Gasplan," by Edward H. Magare, two strongly painted heads, full of character and power, and withal excellent and life-like portraits of the distinguished personages they are intended to represent.

"Study from Nature, Irvington, N. Y.," by Samuel Colman. Mr. Colman seems to have discarded his old style and adopted a new one, depicting Nature in her cooler, fresher moments. The "Study from Nature" is a very agreeable picture, cool in tone and excellent in motive and handling.

"Hudson River," "Niagara Falls, American Side," by J. F. Kensett. Why Mr. Kensett should have exhibited these pictures, I am at a loss to understand; they are evidently two of his earliest efforts, are but sorry specimens of his really great artistic skill, being hard, crude, bad in drawing and color, and in almost every way unsatisfactory. But it would be next to impossible for Kensett to paint two utterly bad pictures, and in the "Niagara Falls" there is a feeling of rush and transparency in the water which saves it from entire condemnation. It was very unwise on the part of Mr. Kensett to exhibit these two pictures—true, he has established his reputation as one of the foremost of landscape painters; but, as a general thing, the public care but little for the early work of an artist—we are a go-ahead people and prefer perfection to mediocrity—hence, it is a dangerous experiment for a great painter to exhibit works which in his early days might have been very clever but which, now that he has gained his reputation, are almost sufficient to damn him in the estimation of the general public.

"Landing of the Huguenots in Florida," by Edwin White. A grand and imposing picture. Mr. White has caught the true sentiment of the subject, and gives us a picture which is admirable for its rendering of character and solemn impressiveness. The picture, although not a new one, is one that will always be admired, not only from the interest of the subject represented, but from the power and skill displayed in its execution.

"Hercules," by Prof. S. F. B. Morse. Grand in its Michael Angelesque proportions and action but belonging to a school of art which is somewhat *passé*.

"The Hudson from the Jersey Shore," by Geo. Inness, develops all the worst points in that artist's style, being muddy in color, and smudgy and careless in execution, while the waters of the "noble Hudson" are running down hill at a rate which promises shortly to inundate the merry little town of Manhattan.

"On the Thames," by Whistler. A most strangely and disagreeably manneristic work, possessing several good points, but marred by a general effect of smudginess and blurr—I can find no other word to express the idea—which is far from pleasant.

"American Slave Mart," by T. S. Noble. This is the most pretentious picture in the exhibition, and undeniably has its good points, but the subject appears to have been beyond the painter, and the result is a work of great unevenness, good in parts, but characterized by a spottiness of color and great weakness in the drawing of many of the figures. Had Mr. Noble painted the "Slave Mart" on a smaller canvas, he would undoubtedly have made a successful picture, but, as it is, his work is any thing but satisfactory, and affords a good illustration of the "vaulting ambition which doth o'erleap itself."

"View on Lake Sanford, Adirondac," by Henry A. Ferguson. A well and carefully painted landscape, full of the feeling and sentiment of the great Northern Woods.

In strong contrast to the last named picture is Mr. John Williamson's "Summit of Chocorua by Twilight," which is crude and disagreeable in color, drawing and execution.

"The Sentinel," by Ed. Frere, is a charming little *genre* picture in the artist's best style. The "The Sentinel" is a little urchin who has been left to watch the boiling pot, but who, alas!—like many another sentinel—is neglecting his duty: being deeply absorbed in the perusal of a fairy book, or some stirring account of "moving accidents by flood and field," while the unguarded pot is boiling over right lustily.

"Early Mass, Christmas Morning in Brittany," by G. H. Boughton. A most charming picture, sweet and pure in sentiment and excellent in general execution. The devotional and affectionate expression on the face of the girl and the happy, confiding smile of the mother are capital, while the strong coloring in the two figures stand out admirably against the cool, pearly greys of the landscape.

"High Peak and Round Top in the Winter," by Charles H. Moore. "Horrors on horrors accumulate!" Where, in the name of all that's sensible, is the prerafaelite school drifting to? Here is a landscape, purporting to represent nature, painted entirely in blue, white and black—the sky is blue, the shadows are blue, the ground is white, and the trees are black, and this, according to the prerafaelite doctrine, is nature! I would suggest to philanthropic lovers of art the propriety of founding a school for the encouragement and promotion of common sense among these misguided individuals, as at present they seem to be sadly in want of that desirable commodity.

"September," by Jervis McEntee, is a cool, sharp landscape, full of fine color and a good effect of clear, crisp atmosphere.

"The Proposal," by Plasson. A picture full of strong, effective color and excellent drapery painting. The faces are somewhat exaggerated, but do not greatly detract from the general excellence of the work.

"Florentine Poet," by Cabanel, is a copy of the larger picture of the same name and is characterized by a softness and delicacy in color and execution which is much to be admired.

In the Sculpture Room there are but few works of any particular merit, save an admirable medalion portrait of A. B. Durand, by E. J. Kuntze,